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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



QUEEN MARGARET AND THE ROBBER.

[An old story tells us that when, after the battle of Hexham, Queen Margaret and her younger son were forced to fly, they placed themselves under the protection of a robber, who sheltered them from their foes.]

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.



A Famous Cricket Match.

OUR uncle is Hon. President of the Flixton Cricket Club. Flixton, I ought to tell you, is a little market town two miles from Thornbrake. This morning at breakfast uncle said he was going to attend the opening match of the season, and that Reggie and I might go too. We were awfully glad to be allowed to do so, for we are going to take up cricket seriously this year.

Well, after lunch, uncle, Reggie, and I walked over to Flixton, and made our way to the cricket ground. It's a big ground for so small a place, and is very well kept too. It is just behind the church, and it takes an almighty swipe to knock the ball out of the ground.

When we got to the ground the players were practising at the nets, and the townsfolk were beginning to assemble. The match was Flixton *v.* Dullham, and between the two there's a lot of jealousy. The Flixton folks say Dullham is worse than its name,

and the Dullham folks say that Flixton has only raised one man of note, and he's the county hangman. I'm sorry to say this is true. When the Flixton folks write a letter to Dullham, they address it "Dullham, near Flixton;" and when the Dullham folks reply, they put on the envelopes "Flixton, near Dullham." The annual cricket match is always a great event, and people get very excited about it.

The captain of the Flixton team is Mr. Easels, the schoolmaster. He also plays the organ in church; but they say he keeps wicket much better. When we got on the ground he came up to uncle in a great state of mind.

"Colonel," he said, "I'm sorry to say Jobson the butcher, our best bowler, has cut his hand this morning, and he won't be able to play to-day. We are one short, and I don't know whom to ask to take his place. We've got every available man in Flixton already."

This was bad news, for Dullham had a full team, and was reported to be

pretty strong too. Mr. Easels walked off shaking his head, and soon after I saw him talking to a young, lumpy-looking, red-headed navvy. He had big clay-covered hobnailed boots on, and his trousers were hoisted up with bits of string tied round his legs half-way between the knee and ankle. He had a straw in his mouth, and they said he came from Yorkshire. I suppose Mr. Easels must have got the navvy to play for us, for presently I saw him go into the pavilion. I must say he didn't look much like a cricketer.

Well, the captains tossed for innings, and we all groaned when we saw that Flixton had lost, and that Dullham was going to bat first. Our men took their places on the field. They looked very nice in their clean white flannels, all except the navvy, who was dressed in his gray woollen shirt and corduroy pants. He had taken off his boots, and was playing in his stocking feet.

"It's a disgrace to Flixton," said Reggie. "I'm sure he can't play for nuts."

Dullham sent in their crack pair of bats first—Mr. Dawkins the curate, an old Cambridge player, and young Allen from the Bank. Dixon, our second-best bowler, started the game, and very soon it was evident that Flixton was in for an afternoon's leather-hunting. Mr. Dawkins began hitting straight away, and in the first over he hit three fours. The Dullham people were in high feather, and well they might be. Young Allen did well too: he cut Gregg, the other bowler, for four, and then drove him for two, and hit him to leg for another four, all in the second

over. I can't describe the game at full length, because it would take too much time; but I will just say that at the end of an hour Dullham had scored 52 for no wickets, and every man Jack of our fellows who thought he could bowl had had a try with the ball. Mr. Easels was at his wits' end. Just as the players were crossing over I saw the navvy go up to the captain and say something to him. Mr. Easels nodded, and, lo and behold! at the end of the over he tossed the ball to him.

"It's all up with Flixton," said Reggie gloomily, "when they have to put on a chap like that to bowl."

Well, the navvy stepped behind the wicket for about ten yards, and began to run in a sort of zigzag, and let fly his first ball. It whizzed through the air like greased lightning, and the umpire shouted, "Wide!" while the ball went past wicket-keeper and long-stop to the boundary.

"Told you so!" said Reggie. "There's a pretty bowler for you!"

The navvy didn't seem a bit upset, but motioned to the man at long-leg to come into the slips. Then Mr. Easels got back about ten yards behind the wickets, and the long-stop took up his station near the boundary. Then the navvy stepped out his ten yards once more and began to run. I saw Mr. Dawkins's bat go up, but before he could bring it down again his middle stump was turning somersaults. My word, how we yelled! All Reggie said was, "By gum!"

Mr. Dawkins came straight to where we were sitting, and uncle greeted him

with, "That was a hot one, Mr. Dawkins."

"You're right," he said; "he's faster than Spofforth. Why on earth didn't they put him on before?"

By this time the next Dullham man was walking across the green to the wicket. He looked jolly nervous, and he was an awful time taking guard. You could have heard a pin drop as the navy started to bowl his third ball. The Dullham man just managed to block it and the next ball, and that was all. Then came the last ball of the over. The batsman hit out at it, and a stout man who was fielding point sat down suddenly. Without getting up he tossed the ball into the air. It was a marvellous catch, and we yelled ourselves hoarse. The navy seemed quite unconcerned. He just picked up a long blade of grass and began to chew it. To look at him you would have thought he had done no more than pitch a shovelful of dirt into a cart.

This was his record so far—1 over, 2 wickets, 0 runs, 1 wide.

Dixon went on again at the other end. Either the navy had given him fresh courage, or the Dullham men were nervous; anyhow, he bowled awfully well, and though he did not take a wicket, not a single run was hit off him.

The navy's next over was something to remember for a lifetime. He started running along just as before, but instead of a fast ball, he sent down quite a slow one. The batsman just spooned it up into the softest "catch" you ever saw. You may be sure the navy didn't miss it. Score—3 wickets

for 53 runs. The newcomer was the biggest slogger in the Dullham team, but he wasn't doing any slogging to-day. The first ball he received hit him on the pad, and the navy shouted, "How's that?" "Leg before," said the umpire; and the Dullham slogger limped towards the pavilion, where he sat down rubbing his leg and telling everybody that our umpire always had a spite against him. Score—4 wickets for 53 runs.

The next batsman was as nervous as a kitten, and he looked quite relieved as his off wicket shot out of the ground. The navy had done the hat trick—three wickets with three successive balls! Score—5 wickets for 53. We cheered and cheered again, and the small boys in front began turning somersaults on the grass, and saying unpleasant things to the Dullhamites. Nothing came of the last two balls of the over; but in the next over Dixon got young Allen, who went in first with Mr. Dawkins, caught at the wickets. Score—6 wickets for 53 runs. The next four wickets didn't give much trouble. The navy bowled two of them and caught the third, and they only added four runs between them. The last man played a ball from Dixon and started to run; but his partner wouldn't budge, and so he was easily run out. Score—10 wickets for 57 runs.

The Flixton men came into the pavilion looking like heroes, and the navy just slipped round to the back of the pavilion without taking notice of anybody. Uncle went after him, and we went with him.

"Congratulate you, sir," said uncle; "as fine a piece of bowling as ever I saw in my life. Flixton is awfully indebted to you."

"Aw was reared in t'same village as owd Tom Emmet. 'Twas he as taught me to bowl." (N.B.—He said "bowl" as if it rhymed with "howl.")



The navvy grinned and blushed, and said it was "nawthing."

Then uncle asked him about himself.

"Aw come fro' Yorkshire," he said.

"Well, he taught you to 'bowl' to some purpose," said uncle. "We must try to get you a job in the neighbourhood, and keep you as a regular member of the Flixton team."

The navvy, whose name was Jack Howden, said he should like that; and then we went back to our seats to see our fellows bat.

Mr. Easels and Dixon were the first on our side to face the Dullham bowling. Mr. Easels took the first over, and he just played every ball except the last, which he hit to leg for two. Then Dixon played the same kind of steady game, and he got a nice cut for two in the course of the over. Slowly but surely the score rose, and when Mr. Easels was out to a catch in the long field the scoring-board showed 18 runs for 1 wicket.

Smith, the fat man who made the marvellous catch, went in next, and he was very lively for about ten minutes. He's not a good player: he has only one stroke, and he plays the same to every ball they send down. But they have to put him in early because he's the owner of the cricket field, and if they didn't give him a good place he would be sure to raise the rent or do something nasty. Well, Smith didn't do so badly after all. He hit out at every ball, and some of them came in his way. He was bowled for ten, and he ran three byes. Score—31 for 2 wickets.

Grayson, who came in next, is a very stylish bat. He's one of those players who are awfully nice to watch, but don't get many runs. He was caught at slip for seven. Score—38 for 3 wickets.

Then an awful rot set in, and we lost six wickets for ten runs. Reggie got awfully low-spirited. He felt sure that Dullham was going to win after

all. When the navvy, who was the last man, went out to bat, we wanted ten runs to win.

"I wonder whether he can manage it," said the colonel thoughtfully.

I felt sure he could. "I'll back Howden to pull the match out of the fire," I said. "I'm sure he's an all-round cricketer."

"Well, we shall soon see," observed Reggie; and we soon did.

The navvy went in without any pads or batting-gloves, but somebody had lent him a pair of cricketing boots. He shaped very badly at the first ball, and the second he hit right into slip's hands; but, as luck would have it, the fielder dropped the ball. We were delighted, of course; but the Dullham boys began shouting, "Yah! butter-fingers," and encouraging things like that.

The third ball was on the leg-side, and the navvy just lashed out at it with all his might. It was a grand hit, and it was an easy boundary.

"Six more," said Reggie, "and he's had one 'life' already."

I felt awfully anxious myself, but I still pinned my faith to Howden.

The next ball was a dangerous "yorker," but the navvy managed to block it.

The last ball of the over he turned to leg, and called his partner for a short run. They just managed it, and the navvy got the bowling for the next over.

"Five more," said Reggie excitedly; "a four and a single will manage it nicely. I don't care if we only win by one."

Neither did I; but those five runs were an awful time coming. The fielders were as keen as mustard, and the Dullham bowler was getting a lot of "work" on the ball.

The navy just played the first four balls of the over. The last ball he placed nicely between point and slip, and in this way he got the bowling again.

"Four more," said Reggie. I was so excited that I hardly knew whether I was on my head or my heels.

The navy missed the next ball altogether, and we all groaned; but somehow it slipped by the wicket, and he still had another chance. The next ball he just played a yard or two forward, but he yelled "Come on," and managed to steal a run.

"Three more," said Reggie miserably. "I wish it was over—one way or the other."

The Flixton player who now faced the bowling was quite a beginner, but he was a plucky chap. He played forward to the first ball he received, and sent it gently along the ground to mid-on. "Come on," shouted the navy, and they began to run. "Mid-on" snapped up the ball, and threw it with all his might at the wickets. The wicket-keeper missed it, and away it went to the boundary.

The match was all over, and Flixton had won by 1 wicket and 2 runs.

Golden Text for the Month.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people.—PSALM cxvii. 1.

The Life of Jesus.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RESURRECTION.

IT seemed at the end as if the King's life had been a failure. Where was His throne? Where was His crown? Cruel men had seized Him and dragged Him before the judge. The people who had once cried, "Hosanna to the King of Israel!" now shouted, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" His only crown was a wreath of thorns which the mocking soldiers placed upon His head. His throne was a wooden cross to which they nailed Him, driving the nails through those kind hands which had brought comfort and healing and blessing to so many, and through the tired feet which had trod so faithfully the path of suffering.

To His friends, even perhaps to His dear mother, everything looked black and full of despair. All their hopes were as dead as the quiet body which they laid in the tomb of the silent garden.

That was upon Good Friday; but Easter morning was close at hand.

Very early on the third day, before there was any sign of light, while the stars still looked down on the quiet, sleeping world, a strange thing happened to the soldiers who were keeping guard over the tomb. The wicked men who had put the King to death had been afraid that His friends might steal His body and pretend He was alive, so they had set these soldiers there to watch. All had been quiet until the early morning, and then suddenly the

earth shook, and the terrified soldiers saw that Heaven's gates had opened and an angel had come down and rolled away the stone which guarded the opening of the tomb. They were too frightened to stay there any longer, and they fled away from the garden and back to the city.



Though it was so early and still dark, a little company of women were on their way to the silent garden that Easter morning. There was a scent of flowers in the soft air, and as the light dawned in the east the birds began to wake and sing their morning songs. Spring had come. The trees which had looked so gray and dead were bursting into tender green leaves, and seeds which had lain buried in the

earth were pushing up living shoots and tiny buds. But the women did not notice flowers or birds or budding trees. It was a dead world to them, because He, their King, was dead, and their own hearts, too, seemed dead with grief.

They reached the garden, and came to the tomb cut out of the rock. Surely some one had been there before them. In the dim light it seemed as if the stone had been rolled away. Trembling and frightened, they went closer, and, stooping down, looked into the tomb. It was empty. The body of the King was not there.

Could some one have stolen that precious body? The women looked at one another in bewildered terror. What should they do? One of them, Mary Magdalene, started at once to go back and tell His disciples; but the others waited there, too full of grief to do anything but just stand and gaze at the empty tomb. Presently they looked carefully in again to make sure; and suddenly, to their amazement, they saw the tomb was empty no longer. An angel sat there, clothed in shining white robes, whose face shone with a heavenly light.

"Be not afraid," they heard him say, as they knelt before him in their terror. "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen: He is not here."

(To be continued.)

THE arrows of an enemy prove that you are alive. No one shoots at a dead lion.

The Meaning of a Famous Picture.

BOOKS are so plentiful nowadays that we can scarcely think of a time when they were rare. Until the fifteenth century books were so precious that only very rich people could afford to buy them. Do you know why this was? It was because then every word had to be written by hand, and often it took years to write a book. The writing was mostly done by monks, who worked day after day in the quiet of their monasteries. Many beautiful specimens of their work are to be found in the British Museum in London and in other libraries in the country. But as men began to awake to the wonders of learning, their desire for knowledge became so great that they sought more books and less costly ones. This made clever men try to discover some means by which books could be made with less labour and at a much quicker rate. At last they succeeded by a method known as printing.

William Caxton was the first English printer, and the beautiful picture on page 150 shows his printing office in the Almonry, one of the buildings belonging to Westminster Abbey. Some of you may ask, "Was not a church building a rather curious place in which to set up the first printing press ever established in this country?" It certainly seems to be so; but the reason was this. People in those distant days thought that the printers were under the influence of Satan, and that in return for their souls he had taught

them the "black art" of printing. If, therefore, Caxton had set up his press in the City of London, instead of at Westminster, under the shadow of the Abbey, the foolish people would very likely have destroyed it.

In the picture you will notice Caxton in his fur-trimmed coat working the press. He is showing the newly printed sheet to the king and queen, who with their two little sons and their daughter appear to be much interested. To the right of the press you see a man with two balls made of sheepskin stuffed with wool. With these he dabs the ink on the type. In front of him at the bench sits the compositor, who is in the act of taking types from the "case." In his hand is a grooved "stick" which he fills with type to form a line. The old man on the other side of the bench is reading a "proof" to see what corrections must be made before the page is perfect.

About one hundred books were printed by Caxton. This may not seem many now, but you must remember that as our first printer he worked under great difficulties. Caxton learned the art of printing abroad. He was a very studious man, and in his leisure translated the *Tales of Troy*. Wishing to have a large number of copies of his book made, Caxton decided to have them printed. Accordingly he went to Cologne and learned the art. He afterwards set up a press of his own in Bruges, and on it, in the year 1474, he printed his book. It was the first book ever printed in English. Two years later he returned to England, bringing his press with him, which, as we have seen,



CANTON'S PRINTING PRESS IN THE ALMONY AT WESTMINSTER.

(From the Collection of the Society of Antiquaries, London.)

he set up in the Almonry at Westminster.

How great is the debt we owe to the man who first taught printing in this country! Had we not known this art there would probably have been as few books now as there were in the dark ages, when they were kept in monasteries. The spread of knowledge would have been impossible, and we should still have been an ignorant and barbarous people. All honour, then, to William Caxton, the first of British printers!

Strawberries and Cream and a Moral.

A SMALL boy who did not like to do "home work" was being warned by his mother against the evils that are likely to result from habits of procrastination. The boy asked her to explain quite definitely what she meant, and she replied by quoting the proverb, "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day."

On getting the moral reduced to this simple form, he said,—

"Well, then, mother, let's go downstairs at once and eat the rest of the strawberries and cream; there were heaps left over after your tea-party."

Motto for August.

*Speak no evil, and cause no ache,
Utter no jest that can pain awake;
Guard your actions and bridle your
tongue,*

Words are adders when hearts are stung.

ANON.

Sent in by DONALD GOULD,
Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Scientific Amusements.

THREE SOAP BUBBLES ONE WITHIN THE OTHER.

SMALL bubbles only can be blown at the end of narrow tubes, such, for example, as form the sliding rods for light curtains. If we place on the end of the tube a disk of cork pierced with a hole, the bubbles obtainable will be larger, for they have as base the surface of the cork. Large bubbles are best obtained by means of funnels such as are used for filtering or decanting—a child's trumpet will serve the purpose admirably. The ordinary clay pipe is not satisfactory for experiments of an elaborate kind. It is apt to break, and, besides, the bore of the shank is too narrow in relation to the opening of the bowl to allow of rapid increase in the size of the bubble.

We are now prepared to blow three bubbles of diminishing size, the greater enclosing the less. Set a saucer on a pedestal—say, a long-stalked wine-glass. Pour a little soap solution into the saucer, and place upright in the centre a good-sized cork. Over this lay a crown or four-shilling piece (or any disk of about the same size), in the centre of which a small porcelain doll is set erect, fixed with a little seccotine for greater security, and carrying on his head a threepenny bit, or cardboard disk of the same size, also fixed with gum or seccotine. The whole arrangement must be well moistened with the soap solution.

Dip the mouth of the trumpet or funnel into the solution, and then, holding it over the head of the little

figure, blow the first bubble. It will not collapse on contact with the wet objects, but will expand until it encloses the whole and rests on the saucer. Stop blowing when the bubble has become six or eight inches in diameter, and leave it resting on the saucer. This is the outside bubble, within which the others are to be blown.

Take now the tube, dip it in the soap solution, and wet it well along

Ivanhoe in Poetry.

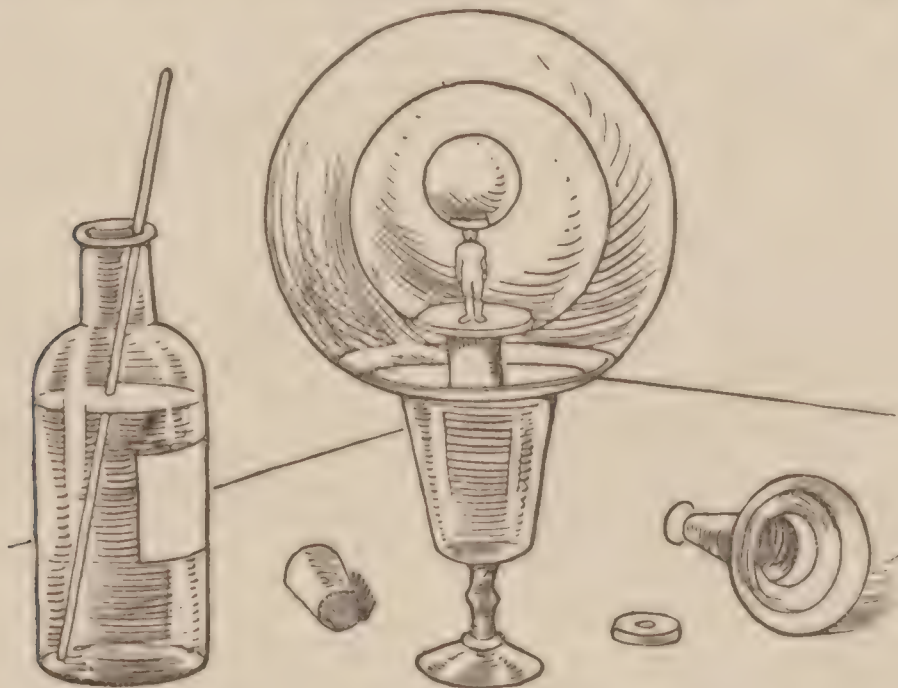
SCENE—A London bookseller's :—
Young Lady Customer.—Have you Scott's works ?

Salesman.—Yes. Several editions.

Customer.—Well, I want the original edition—not translated.

Salesman.—Scott wrote in English.

Customer.—Perhaps "translated" isn't the right word. What I mean is,



its length. Boldly push the end through the wall of the large bubble, which will not collapse, dip it in the soap solution in the saucer, and blow the second bubble above the head of the figure. Cease blowing when this second bubble, resting on the crown piece, has attained a diameter of three or four inches. Draw out the tube, dip it in the bottle containing the solution, push it through both bubbles, and blow the third bubble of an inch diameter, so as to rest on the upper disk.

the works the way he originally wrote them—as poems before they were made into novels.

Salesman.—We have Scott's poems.

Customer.—What I want is *Ivanhoe* as he wrote it in poetry.

Salesman.—I'm afraid you're mistaken about that.

Customer.—Oh no! A friend explained it to me, and if you look at the chapters you'll see that they all begin with little verses. He told me that any good bookseller *would know* it.

The Kingfisher Legend.

"There the kingfisher saw his plumage bright,
Vieing with fish of brilliant dye below,
Whose silken fins and golden scales light
Cast upward through the waves a ruby glow."

IN the neighbourhood of Metz the kingfisher is called the "blue bird," and the following legend is narrated of it. After Noah had dispatched the dove from the ark, he caught the blue bird, saying, "At any rate *you* will not be afraid of the waters, as you are no stranger to them; so take wing, and

turned downwards. But the nearer she approached the greater became the heat, till before long her breast feathers began to be scorched by the blaze. This made her retrace her flight towards the earth, in order to quench the smouldering flame in the waters with which it was covered. After having enjoyed several refreshing dips, she remembered her errand; but, alas! the ark was nowhere to be seen. In fact, during her absence, the dove had returned with the olive leaf, and



see if the earth is visible." Day was just about to dawn as she departed, and she had hardly left the shelter of the ark when such a tremendous storm came on that, to avoid being dashed into the waves, she flew directly heavenwards. For months had her wings been at rest, so she was fresh and vigorous, and rose so quickly that she soon came to the blue ether, into which she dashed unhesitatingly. And with what result? — that her plumage, once a sober gray, became a shining, brilliant azure! Higher and higher she flew, till at last the sun began to rise beneath her; and, unable to resist the attraction of seeing it when close at hand, she

then the ark, driven hither and thither by the storms, had grounded on Mount Ararat, and Noah had broken it up, intending to build a house out of the materials with which it was constructed. Whereupon the blue bird, seeing nothing, uttered shrill cries, calling for her master; but all in vain. And so, even to this day, you may see her flying along the river banks, and looking for the ark or for some of its remains. So, too, even to this day, you may see reflected in her upper plumage the azure of the celestial blue; while her breast still flames with fiery-red from her imprudence in approaching the sun.



A Court Ball.

YOU talk of lords and ladies,
In dresses, oh ! so grand,
A-dancing in a palace fine,
To the music of a band.

You talk of silks and satins,
Of smiles and laughter gay,
And gentlefolks so graceful,
That dance the night away.

I bet they don't have half the fun
That we have down our street ;
When Mister Organ-grinder comes—
I tell you it's a treat !

He turns the handle ; see us hop
And skip with shouts of glee.
If you want a real bit of fun,
Why, come and dance with me !

Unkind.

BOBBY. "I think Tommy Jones
Is the meanest boy I ever knew."

MAMMA. "What has Tommy been
doing now ?"

Bobby. "I said I was going to be
a poet when I grew up, and he said
he'd be an editor, and wouldn't print
any of my poems unless I'd be his
horse every time."

The Dog that took Care of the Apples.

TRIP the terrier and Trot the donkey were busy carting apples. Out in the orchard the fruit hung in red and yellow wreaths on the bending trees, and Trot, with a pair of panniers on his back, was very useful in carrying the apples away to the house to be stored up for the winter.

Trot knew the way to and fro, but he could not be trusted to go by

Trip, to be sure, did not like apples, so they were no temptation to him, but he knew that his master and mistress enjoyed them, and that they did not wish Trot to eat them up; so, whenever the donkey turned round his head toward the tempting pannier, Trip sprang up and barked and snapped at him, and baffled him of his stolen feast.

For half an hour Trot and Trip were left together, their master watching from a distance without



himself, or even to be left alone for one minute when the panniers were full. It was not that the fat, sleek Trot was lazy or stubborn, or that he tried to kick off his burden or shirk his work; but Trot liked apples as much as you do, and he did not understand that he was not allowed to help himself. He could turn back his head and put his nose into the panniers quite easily, and he thought the nice brown, ruddy winter apples very good, whether they were ripe or not, and would have made a fine feast of them.

being seen, and in that time Trot, with all his efforts, did not succeed in stealing a single apple.

A Turnabout.

I'M going to drive the cows home!" our little Timmy said, As off he proudly started, holding high his head.

Back he scampered, screaming—poor little frightened Tim!

He didn't drive the cows home—the cows had driven him!

THE SERIAL STORY.

Two on an Island.

BY 'ETHEL TALBOT.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the hurried scramble that followed, Marjorie again forgot to be lonely and anxious. Jim had dug up the potatoes before he started; but they must be placed in exactly the right spot amongst the ashes, she knew, or they would be spoiled. After several efforts, she chose the exact place where they would be baked through but not burned—Jim had taught her the way; and then there was time to think again.

And this time Marjorie began to feel a little nervous—not exactly frightened, as she told herself, but as if she *would* be frightened before very long! Jim was telling the time by the sun, so he might not be back exactly to the minute. He might perhaps have found something lovely and exciting in the cave—more treasure perhaps; or he might even now be on the way back, and just about to turn the corner; or—after comforting herself with as many “perhapses” as she could think of, she went back and sat up by the beacon to watch.

“Aa-aa-ah!” shrieked the gulls over her head.

But Marjorie hardly heard them; her eyes were fixed on the little ridge over which Jim’s sturdy figure had disappeared just an hour or two ago.

“He is so *dreadfully* brave,” she said; “I do *hope* he’ll be all right.”

“Aa-aa-ah!” shrieked the gulls again.

“I wish you’d go and tell him to come back,” said Marjorie rather angrily to them, “instead of crying and making me feel lonelier still!”

But the sea-birds only wheeled overhead, and shrieked out their hoarse cry.

“And I’m getting dreadfully hungry,” said Marjorie, “and so will he be!”

This put a fresh idea into her head, and a very sensible one. If Jim was likely to be much longer, she thought, on his way, she had better begin to find something for him to eat on his arrival. How about the crab? Even if she could not cook it, the clay bowl was baking on the fire, and she could *catch* a crab, and keep it, perhaps, in one of the tiny rock-pools until his return. That would fill up time, and he would be pleased; and she could be pretending, too, while she set to work, that she was not frightened—even if she was!

Fishing for crabs was an exciting occupation. Jim had told her the way. To the end of a long piece of string—found in his pocket on the day of their arrival—a shell-fish was attached. The “fishing” consisted in tickling the crabs with the bait from overhead, as they lay in the deep rocky pools, and then waiting till they opened their nippers to expostulate; when, as likely as not, they would clutch at the string instead. After a good deal of practice—so Jim had told her—quite a large crab might be caught that way, and she determined to try.

But the crabs were all asleep, or else too clever to be caught by Marjorie's bait; they lay tranquilly in the sand, and finally she gave up her occupation in distress. "I just *hope* he'll bring something back with him," she said, "or we'll have nothing but potatoes, and— Oh!"

The exclamation was called forth by another look at Jim's watch, which was ticking serenely on. "Three o'clock! Three!" And she looked again to make sure; but it was certainly true, and Jim had said that he would be back by one. No wonder she was hungry, she told herself. No wonder she was frightened. A big tear began to roll down her cheek.

"Oh, whatever shall I do?" sobbed the little girl, making her way back to the beacon again, and staring across the island with frightened, tear-filled eyes.

But there was no answer at all.

"I know what I'll do," said Marjorie. "I'll go and find him." She stood, and drew herself up as straight as she could. "I'll go to the cave. I will! If I'd only not been such a silly, I'd have gone at first. And now—" She broke into a run over the grassy ridges in the direction of the Point, shading her reddened eyes, and looking eagerly for Jim all the way. But no trace of the boy could be seen. Marjorie hurried on. It was only half a mile to the cave, she knew; she would get there in no time. Perhaps he was lost! Perhaps— But it was no good thinking; each guess was becoming more frightening than the last. She would just go and see.

As she climbed over each grassy

ridge, she expected to see him coming to meet her on the other side, and each time she was disappointed. At each cry from the gulls overhead she half hoped that it might be the sound of his calling voice. "Jim! O Jim!" she half sobbed as she went.

And by this time she had quite forgotten her terror of the cave in the rock, and the dangers that it might hold—all her thoughts were for Jim; and when at last she headed the last ridge and saw its opening right before her, the throb that her heart gave was not of terror for herself but for him.

"I'm there!" she said; "this *must* have been the way he came." Then she pushed her way through the narrow passage and in at the little entrance, took a step forward, and was in the heart of the rock itself.

There was not a sound to greet her.

"Jim!" she called.

"Jim!" came the echo faintly; and "Aa-aa-ah!" sounded in a distant cry from the gulls outside.

"Jim!" she called again, but still no reply.

She stared into the darkness of the cave and tried to see; there seemed no light at all anywhere, for the tiny glimmer that filtered in through the rocky passage and the tiny entrance was not sufficient to lighten up the huge cavity in which she stood.

Was Jim here? He could not be.

Had he *been* here? But, if so, where was he now? She must be brave, she told herself, and she must find him. She felt her way round the sides of the rocky cave.

Drip, drip, drip, came a sound, and

Marjorie started; but it was only water from overhead dropping on to the rocky floor beneath. Already she had stepped into pools in the dim light, and her feet were wet and cold; already she had hurt her hands on the jagged pieces of rock that seemed to stick out in all directions. "It's no good," she said to herself; "he isn't here."

There was nothing for it now but to go out again and to search for him elsewhere. Marjorie did not realize at all that, for the sake of Jim, she had overcome all the horror of the cave; she had forgotten all about herself as she ran on to the shore outside, calling as she went, "Jim!"

"Aa-aa-ah!" cried the gulls.

And then, suddenly, she saw foot-marks! They were the marks of Jim's bare feet; they led over the sands; she could follow them quite plainly on to the rocks, and then, of course, they could be followed no more. Jim must have gone this way. Where could he be?

"Jim!" she called again.

Was it an answer that came to her very, very softly, or was it only the gulls? Marjorie was not sure. But she listened, and the sound came again, and she ran.

Then, as she turned a rocky corner, she stopped suddenly and stared.

(To be continued.)

A POOR Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered round, and asked why he was selling it. "Shure, honeys," said Pat, "I want some money to buy something to put into it."

All for Nothing.

A WOMAN entered a savings bank and placed ten pounds, which she wished to deposit, in front of the teller. He pushed out the book for her signature and said:

"Sign on this line, please."

"Me whole name?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Before Oi was married?"

"No, just as it is now."

"And me husband's name, too?"

"Sign your name Mrs., followed by your husband's name; or Mrs., your Christian name, and then your husband's name; or Mrs. and your husband's full name; or merely sign your Christian name and your husband's surname. Write it as you are in the habit of signing it."

"But, sor, Oi can't wroite," replied the woman.

A Splendid Bull.

THE climate of India is vigorously, if not quite logically, defended in *Bulls and Blunders* by a certain Irish colonel.

"Bad climate be hanged!" roared the irate warrior. "There's no better climate in the world; but there are a lot of young fellows who come out to India, and they eat and drink, and they drink and eat, and they die; and then they write home and say that the climate has killed them. Of course, lots of people die in India. Tell me where they don't, and I'll go and end my days there."

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 160. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken *with writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than August 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for August.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose stamps for replies*, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write the story of an imaginary motor tour you made from London to the Highlands of Scotland. The paper must not exceed 300 words.

DIGIT PUZZLE.

Set the nine numbers under ten in a square, with the figures arranged in such a way that either diagonal line, any vertical line, any horizontal line adds up to a total of fifteen.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

(Both questions must be answered.)

1. Write a short paper on Job.
2. What are the Beatitudes? Write a short paper on one of them.

For Children under Twelve only.

Tell in your own words the story of Caxton's printing press, on p. 150.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

C

TTTTTTTTTT

This is a well-known word.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a motor bus or char-a-banc, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of Peter's denial of Jesus.

For Children under Ten only.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about your holidays, and how you are spending them.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a sand castle which you built by the seashore, or imagine you built there, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for June.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Freda Combe, Hollist, Midhurst, Sussex.
 2. Jack Pooler, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.
- Honourable Mention.*—David Attwood, Dunton School, near Brentwood, Essex; Madge Baylis, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Doris Thompson, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden; Nessie Blyth, 22 Drumoyne Avenue, Govan, Glasgow; Rhoda Macpherson, 10 Victoria Circus, Inverness; James Wilson, 24 Castlereagh Road, Belfast.

GEOGRAPHICAL COMPETITION.

1. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent.
2. Ada Crossan, St. John's Terrace, Corstorphine.

There were many entries for this competition, but the greater number of competitors had not read the instructions correctly.

The answers were:—*Leyden—eyed; Genoa—one; Cadiz—aid; Dundee—lune; Dieppe—pipe; Bristol—riots; Rome—Mo.*

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Phyllis Child, Klosters, 69 Priory Avenue, High Wycombe. 2. F. J. D. Holland, Myrtle Cottage, Oxon Road, Crewkerne.

Honourable Mention.—Ivy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen; Dorothy Knowles, 41 Ella Street, Blackman Lane, Leeds; Mazoura Flockhart, 81 Brunstane Road, Joppa; Ruth Billington, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; George Cross, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Hilda Woor, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden. 2. Robina Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Ruth Nicholls and Marjorie Butler, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Jean Jackson, Joseph Clay, Bert Overton, and Ethel Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Hilda Hooton, The Old Farm, Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Marshall Wicks, 20 Highbury Terrace, Halstead, Essex. 2. Kathleen Gordon-Smith, 5 Kemerton Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Henderson, 15 Stobhill Cottages, Springburn, Glasgow; Doreen Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Easebourne, Midhurst; Lucy Bennett, Tillington, Petworth, Sussex; Myro Doniger, Sissie Baccas, and Mollie Caines, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Robert Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

MISSING VOWEL PUZZLE.

1. Willie Lusk, Ballyalbana, Ballyclare. 2. W. F. Masterton, 15 Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—Muriel Goodwin, Copston, Hinkley, Leicestershire; Jean Johnston, Baptist Manse, Hamilton; May Kelly, 26 Gordon

Street, Colne, Lancs; Margaret Barron, 11 Chalmers Crescent, Corstorphine; Gladys Wood, Flaxby, near Knaresborough; Usher Chambers, 31 Beechwood Avenue, Londonderry.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Irene Lemon, 7 Northumberland Terrace, West Hoe, Plymouth. 2. Eddie Macmillan, 6 Victoria Street, Alloa.

Honourable Mention.—Cuthbert Mardell, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts; Jack Johnston, 5 Bellgrove Street (please send full address); Roy Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Henrietta McNeillage, 15 Bouverie Street, Yoker. 2. Basil Atlay, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Rawson, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden; Freda Ironmonger, Stoneybridge, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Annie Jarvis and William Edwards, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Edith Johnson, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden. 2. Dorothy Cooper, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Irene Wellar, Church Lane, Dunton, near Brentwood; Vera Haden, Blanchville, Rubery, Birmingham; Phyllis Davies and Vere Bernstein, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Walter Bowdler and Joseph Taylor, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Stanley Herbert, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts. 2. Brenda Pearson, Cowdray Park, Midhurst, Sussex.

Honourable Mention.—Humphrey Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Nita Brayne, Harriet Cross, and Harry Jones, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

August.

Name.....

Age last Birthday.....

Address

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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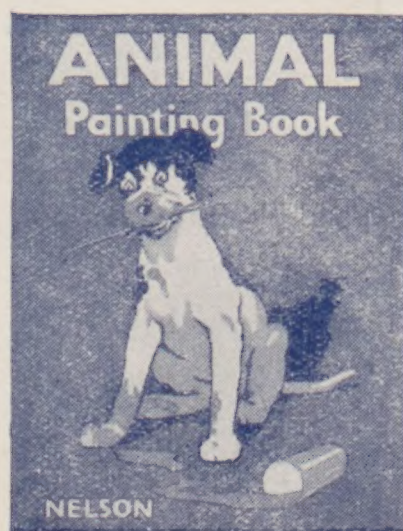
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